THE MISSES BRENTHAM.

BY P. A. BLYTH,

Author of "Paul Porter and his Brothers," "Broken Reeds," etc.

A lady seated herself close to him. p. 107.

CHAPTER III.

THE WORD ALMOST SPOKEN.

THE next morning at breakfast, reference was made to the preceding evening, and though Charles Stanley wished to appear to answer all questions with perfect frankness, he was conscious of a spirit of reservation running through his replies. Yet there was nothing in Miss Brentham surely to provoke reticence, but, even as he spoke, that other face rose up vividly before him, and instinctively some feeling of his inner nature prompted the remark, "Miss Brentham had a cousin with her last night."

"Oh, had she?" said Mrs. Bowtell, "yes, I know a little

of her too; she stays sometimes with Mrs. Brentham. She is in rather a different position I suppose from her cousin, though Miss Brentham does not allow that to be any barrier between them. But Mary Brentham is a sincere Christian, and lives out the creed of loving kindness. And I believe she has always been very kind to her poorer cousin."

Mrs. Robinson had said something of this sort, and Charles Stanley, remembering the kindly dark eyes of his companion of the previous evening, felt he could quite believe the statements concerning her. But he made no further remark, though he might safely have spoken out openly, for neither his reticence nor frankness would have excited the curiosity of his friends. Mr. and Mrs. Bowtell were no busybodies or match-makers. Happy in their own married life, they would have been pleased to find their friend and cousin about to enter on a state of like felicity, but neither of them would have designedly taken active steps towards such an event. The banter of the preceding day had only been meant as an innocent joke. The connecting of Miss Brentham's lot with Charles Stanley's had never for a moment been to them a matter of serious thought or speculation. Charles Stanley might shape his course as he pleased, without his actions being minutely discussed. Dr. Bowtell's attention was just then absorbed by a batch of letters lying at his elbow; as he concluded a survey of the last one, putting them a little aside, he turned towards his cousin.

"Well, Charles, what are your plans for to-day?"

"I am afraid I am unfortunate enough to have no plans."

"Then if you like I can a little arrange the morning's programme. What do you say to turning groom for me, and accompanying me on my rounds?"

Mrs. Bowtell laughed. "Don't you consent too readily, Mr. Stanley. That means holding George's horse while he goes in to see his sick people. Your patience will be quite tired out, I assure you."

"Oh, I have no very lengthy calls to make this morning; the longest one will be at Holly Hall, with old Miss Morley. I thought, Charles, perhaps you would not mind while I am there, riding on to the station. I have a parcel I want sent off; as it is particular I would rather entrust you with it than William. It will take you about half an hour; I can spend that time at Miss Morley's."

"I think," said Mrs. Bowtell, "I ought to be a little jealous of Miss Morley; she always comes in for lengthened visits."

"A privileged person, I suppose," said Charles Stanley.

Dr. Bowtell smiled. "I am afraid if you changed places with her you would not consider her lot a very privileged one; a lonely old age attended with many infirmities does not sound a very enviable condition. But if, Charles, you ever adopt the life of a country village doctor, even in that small circle you will come face to face with much of that under current of suffering which attends all mortal life. Still the light is behind the cloud. You will also frequently see suffering illumined by the hope that sustains and the faith that triumphs. But apart from the graver side of the subject, you will learn, perhaps, that the very first preliminary of the healing art is a patient listening to manifold ills."

"Of which poor Miss Morley has her share," said Mrs. Bowtell.

"Undoubtedly so; but what say you, Charles?"

"To adopting the medical profession?—certainly not! I should lack the very first essential, I never had much stock of patience; but as to going with you this morning, I shall be very happy to render any service in my power."

The morning was bright and pleasant, and Charles Stanley quite enjoyed the circuitous ride which the doctor designated his round. The last call was at Miss Morley's, at Holly Hall. Dr. Bowtell, as he left his cousin to fulfil his errand at the station, gave him a parting injunction:

"I don't want you to hurry the horse, Charles, but get the little business done as quickly as you can, though I don't suppose you will meet with much temptation to loiter."

"I can hardly imagine the temptation," and Charles Stanley as he spoke, rode off in the direction indicated. He safely performed the little commission entrusted to him, and was just crossing the platform, when he noticed a stir and bustle pervading the little station. A train was just departing, and Charles Stanley with the indolent habit of an idle man stopped a moment to witness its departure. A moment later he observed Miss Brentham standing by a carriage quite close to him. She was evidently seeing some one off by the train. Then a small, gloved hand came over the carriage-door, and the face that had haunted Charles Stanley's thoughts since the preceding evening appeared looking out. But her attention was evidently concentrated on Miss Brentham; leaning forward she took her cousin's hand in hers, and giving it a farewell shake, she said:

"Good-bye, dear Mary."

The voice was a very sweet one, much in unison with the soft grey eyes. Charles Stanley caught the words and tone distinctly. Miss Brentham said something in reply, but he failed to catch her words plainly. She seemed only to be wishing her cousin a pleasant journey. Then the whistle sounded, the two or three people who were watching the departure of their friends stood back a step further on the platform, and the train puffed slowly away. Miss Brentham turning recognised Charles Stanley.

"I did not know you were so near, Mr. Stanley," she said.

"No; I have only been standing here a few minutes. I have been transacting a little business for Dr. Bowtell at the station. You have been seeing your cousin off, I suppose?"

"Yes; she has left us to-day."

There was a tone of regret in the words which found ready echo in Charles Stanley's heart.

"You will miss her," he said.

He spoke the words spontaneously. Miss Brentham turned towards him a half-surprised look, but she merely answered, "Yes, I am sure we shall. Grandmamma and I will feel very quiet all alone together."

They were walking through the station, Miss Brentham's carriage was waiting for her outside. As an act of common politeness Charles Stanley accompanied her to it. Miss Brentham that morning was certainly looking her best; riding in the fresh, keen air had given unwonted brightness to her face and sparkle to her eyes; heavy outdoor garments, too, became her better than more dainty evening attire.

"Were their roads the same? He was going to Holly Hall; was Miss Brentham's house that way?" Charles Stanley asked.

Miss Brentham pointed in an opposite direction.

"That is grandmamma's house, just beyond that copse of trees; you cannot see much of it here."

"Oh, is that the house? Then I think I passed it the other day with Dr. Bowtell. It is an old house, quaint, and curiously built, is it not? I am very fond of all old architecture."

"I believe the house is very old; it has some ancient things in it."

"Ah, I remember now, Dr. Bowtell did not tell me the name of the family living there, but as we passed the house he said there were some very old-fashioned carved wood work and remnants of tapestry to be seen in it."

"Yes; grandmamma will not have any of the things touched; she says her husband valued them, and preserves them for his sake."

"It is an old family residence, perhaps?"

"Yes; the Brenthams have lived there for several generations."

A minute after Charles Stanley found himself expressing a desire to see the ancient relics which the old mansion boasted, and Miss Brentham said in reply that her grandmamma, she was sure, would be pleased to see any friend of Dr. Bowtell. But she did not give the invitation gracefully, she spoke with evident hesitancy, as though doubtful whether she was doing quite the correct thing in thus according him an invitation.

Then Charles Stanley suddenly remembered his cousin's injunction, and, bidding Miss Brentham adieu, hastily throwing a coin to the lad who had been holding his horse, he stepped quickly into the doctor's conveyance. He drove briskly to make up for lost time, perhaps also to escape from the conflicting nature of his thoughts. He had just been with Miss Brentham, seen her, talked with her, yet what Miss Brentham had said or looked seemed all sunk in oblivious space; instead there rose up before him that other face, and the one sentence in just the tones he had heard it, "Good-bye, dear Mary," rang persistently in his ears. But she was only the poor little cousin, going home to the widowed mother and straitened means. Yet how unfit with her refined face and appearance she seemed for so hard a lot. Genteel poverty at best. Charles Stanley fancied he knew something of this in his own life, and began almost to pity her. But what was she to him? Nothing; positively nothing; never could be anything. At this point in his cogitations he gave the reins a sudden jerk, as though to emphasize his decision. But a moment after his treacherous thoughts were running in a dangerous strain. If only she—this poor little cousin—could have been Miss Brentham, the pampered lady of wealth, the celebrated, courted heiress, if only—he pulled himself up suddenly in his reflections, and at that moment gave the whip so savage a smack, that the horse with an indignant whisk of its tail started off at a clattering pace, quite out of keeping with the orderly, professional jog-trot of a sober-minded, thorough-paced, experienced country doctor's horse. Arriving at Holly Hall, Charles Stanley found the doctor in the road awaiting him.

"I am afraid I am rather late," he said, apologetically.

"Well, yes, rather."

Dr. Bowtell took the reins from his cousin as he spoke, and seated himself by his side.

"I hope my little commission was not any trouble to you at the station?"

"No; I sent it off all right."

"Thank you. You didn't meet any one you knew, I suppose?"

Dr. Bowtell really asked the question quite incidentally, but Charles Stanley assumed an unwonted display of indifference as he replied,

"I met Miss Brentham; she was at the station seeing her cousin off by train."

Dr. Bowtell gave one sharp look of inquiry, but his companion's features, contracted by a keen north wind just then blowing full in their faces, were inscrutable in expression. Dr. Bowtell feeling no real curiosity in the matter made no further remark.

A day or two later Charles Stanley made his proposed visit. He found both Miss and Mrs. Brentham at home. He had heard the latter described as a shrewd, keen old lady; he found her a lively, pleasant companion. She was of Irish descent; a fact that, in spite of long years of English life and customs, occasionally made itself apparent. It was a fact, too, Mrs. Brentham was by no means disposed to conceal. When quite a young woman, in her early married life, a gentleman once meeting her at a dinner party, and detecting in her accent a slight smack of the mother tongue, mildly ventured a supposition as to her nationality, when, purposely assuming her native vernacular, she faced round on him with the startlingly emphasized reply, "Shure, it's Irish I am, and proud and happy I am to say so." At which the mild gentleman subsided within himself with suddenly disconcerted appearance. The vivacity of her earlier years had in a measure disappeared, but she still possessed all her vigour of mind and quickness of perception. On the whole, she certainly impressed Charles Stanley favourably. There was an originality and sprightliness about her that pleased him; and then, too, he fancied—it might be only fancy, perhaps, but when her face was quite at rest, or a soothing or gentle emotion softened for a moment her keen grey eyes, he thought he detected a likeness, one of those family resemblances so difficult to define, yet so apparent—to the absent cousin. Altogether he considered her a charming old lady, and the liking was mutual. And when Charles Stanley, who at an earlier period of his life had passed some months in Ireland, happened incidentally to mention this fact, and it was found that the spot where he had spent his time there was quite near the neighbourhood of her girlhood, a close tie of sympathy was at once established. Mrs. Brentham had come of a good old Irish family, and in no sense was she ashamed of her descent; so old scenes and memories were spontaneously recalled, while her interest in her guest sensibly increased. Miss Brentham herself took but little part in the conversation, but despite that fact, that first visit passed so pleasantly that Charles Stanley was in imminent danger of departing without having carried out the avowed purpose he had in calling—of inspecting the old tapestry and carved woodwork. He recalled these to mind just in time, and this was another point in his favour.

As Miss Brentham had said, Mrs. Brentham cared nothing for the things themselves, but for the sake of the husband who had valued them they were precious to her, and her features relaxed, and her keen eyes softened, as she found another person so ready to appreciate them also. And when Charles Stanley left it was with the cordial invitation to renew his visit again whenever he pleased to do so.

An opportunity for so doing occurred in a few days.

He was going to London for a week. Mrs. Brentham had expressed the difficulty she often experienced in getting purchases from London; could he, during his stay there, be of any service to her?

Mrs. Brentham entrusted him with one or two trivial commissions, but these small items involved on his return another call to say how he had fulfilled his errand. In addition to these visits, he once or twice met Miss Brentham out, walking or riding, and during the next month, most of which was spent at Dr. Bowtell's, he managed to form a

very enviable degree of acquaintance with the Brenthams. Yet, though perhaps it ought not so to have been, the acquaintance was most cordial between him and Mrs. Brentham. Miss Brentham he had already discovered was not gifted with fluency of tongue, and though when in her grandmother's presence any ordinary topic was discussed, she would make one in the conversation, when alone with him the talking devolved principally upon himself, and her answers would sometimes become almost monosyllabic in character.

Of the cousin scarce any mention was made.

Once when looking through a portrait album he had come suddenly upon her likeness.

"That you remember, perhaps, is my cousin," said Miss Brentham. "You saw her that evening at Mr. Robinson's."

Mrs. Brentham was at that moment looking over Charles Stanley's shoulder. With characteristic warmth of manner she exclaimed:

"Ah, a sweet girl is my Mary."

Charles Stanley looked up at Miss Brentham.

"The same name as yours, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes; we are both named exactly alike; both Mary Brentham. When we are together, to distinguish, they sometimes call me Polly."

But beyond this passing allusion, little was ever said of the poor cousin. Mrs. Brentham would sometimes, in relating incidents, speak of Mary, but it was "Mary, my Mary, who lives with me," who was thus brought into prominent position. Perhaps it was well that Miss Brentham had some one thus to speak about her, for her natural quietness would evidently have deterred her from talking of herself and her own doings. Whether this quietness on her part was mere shyness or nervousness, Charles Stanley did not quite understand. There were times—doubtless an inherent masculine vanity suggested such an idea—when a sudden drooping of her eyelids, a soft blush which for a moment illumined her features with something like a touch of positive beauty, made him almost fancy that perhaps Miss Brentham was more shy in his presence than in that of other people. He did not conclude exactly that Miss Brentham was in love with him; he was not given to positive conclusions of any kind; but it was quite natural and easy to fancy she admired him, was impressed by him, and consequently shy with an only half-expressed consciousness when in his company.

Like most vague fancies, the thought was a pleasant one. That other men had striven in vain to gain Miss Brentham's favour was no reason whatever why he should prove equally unsuccessful. Not that he had any decided aim in the matter. To form a course of action and carry it out promptly and with energy, was vulgar and commonplace. It suited his dilettante nature much better to drift on vaguely. Perhaps Charles Stanley was not quite aware how much it had become a habit with him thus to drift till, carrying the habit beyond what he would have termed the mere chances of this life, his principles concerning right and wrong became involved also. He had a sort of blind faith in his own rectitude—perhaps he had yet to learn that "he that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." But drifting vessels are in dangerous case, and for such there are breakers ahead. And now in this affair, which might mean a grave turning point in his life, he was content to go wherever wind and tide took him, and if they carried him straight into the haven of Miss Brentham's favour and regard, it would be through no efforts or endeavours of his own. If the wind was really setting in this favourable direction, perhaps he might in some unguarded moment say something, some little prettily-framed sentence, which might indirectly lead to important results. But then it was likely enough all fancy, nothing more. But if Charles Stanley's love affairs were thus hazy and indistinct, there were other points in his life which were assuming very decided outline. A man with no business occupation, or capital to start one with, must sooner or later come to look at things definitely and as they are.

Charles Stanley's father was dead. His brothers were married and settled in life, but they were not wealthy men, and were apt to look with a half-suspicious eye on their unfortunate brother.

Then, once again, Charles Stanley came to the conclusion that life was more prosperous anywhere out of England. A sudden disgust of all his surroundings came upon him, and once more he formed the resolution to try his fortunes, precarious as they were, abroad.

Walking along one wintry afternoon, his thoughts seemed in unison with the bleak, comfortless weather. A bitter wind was blowing full in his face, accompanied by a blinding storm of sleet and fine rain. He had, for a time, disdained to put up the umbrella he chanced to have brought with him. Battling with the adverse elements seemed something like warring with the untoward circumstances of his life. Not till the wet, gathering on the collar of his great-coat, gave his throat an unpleasant feeling of dampness, did he consent to avail himself of the despised protection. Then turning a corner of the road, he saw a little in advance a figure, as far as the weather was concerned, in worse plight than himself. A lady was battling through the storm with not even an umbrella to shelter her. A quick glance told him it was Miss Brentham. A few rapid strides brought him to her side. At that moment the wind seemed to blow fiercer than ever. It was sheer folly to offer her the umbrella; he must hold it over her himself. The situation was not altogether a bad one. It is almost impossible for two people walking under one umbrella to preserve either strict formality or indifference towards each other. Under the circumstances, Miss Brentham dropped her usual shyness, and became frank and genial. A bright colour glowed in her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with their kindly light, and when the wind, blowing in a sudden whirl, threatened to send the umbrella inside out, she laughed aloud at the predicament—a girlish, free-hearted laugh, innocent and artless as a child's. Despite the wind and blinding rain, Charles Stanley had never before found Miss Brentham so pleasant a companion. Their walk together came to an end in front of Mrs. Brentham's house. Just for a moment something of Miss Brentham's old shyness came back, as in a half-diffident tone she said—

"Will you come in a while and shelter?"

Considering the wind and rain threatened to be of night-long duration, Charles Stanley's sheltering would have probably been a prolonged one. Still he cast a half-wistful glance towards the room where he fancied, by a glowing fire, Mrs. Brentham was awaiting her granddaughter's return. But one other glance at his wet shoes and dripping garments decided him.

"No, thank you," he said; "I cannot present myself in this plight." Then after a moment's pause he added, "But I will come another day. I want to call and bid both you and Mrs. Brentham good-bye. I am going away."

A less keen observer than Charles Stanley might have noticed the brightness suddenly fade out of Miss Brentham's face.

"Going away?" she said, slowly.

"You must come and bid us good-bye before you go." p. 118.

"Yes; I am going to try my fortune abroad again. I am thinking of leaving England shortly."

The last glow of warm colour faded out of Miss Brentham's face. Her dark eyes, as she suddenly raised them, for once conveyed more than their uniformly kind expression. There was a look in them of passionate appeal.

Instinctively Charles Stanley bent his head nearer to her as he said—

"It is business alone decides me on this step. A man must go where he can best succeed, Miss Brentham?"

"Yes, certainly."

The wind at that moment swept fiercely round the house. Perhaps it was this that caused the visible shiver which accompanied Miss Brentham's commonplace little utterance.

Charles Stanley seemed to fancy the umbrella was not quite duly protecting her, and moved a step nearer to her.

"Miss Brentham," he said, in a low tone, "I regret much having to leave. I am a lonely man, going to a lonely lot, but I have no other course open to me. Still, I would not go if—if——"

His sudden pause might mean a mere nothing, or be suggestive of a great deal.

Glancing up, Miss Brentham read the intensified expression of his eyes. Her eyelids drooped, and she turned her head aside.

Charles Stanley did not see fit to finish his sentence. He waited a moment, as though he half expected her to speak; yet he surely could not be inconsistent enough to suppose she would ask him not to leave, but he was inconsistent enough to wish she would not stand thus with averted face.

"Miss Brentham," he said, "if I do go away, I shall ever remember the happy time I have passed here with you."

His voice was very low, but he did not doubt that she heard every word. Still she did not turn to look at him, and there was a slightly quickened tone in his voice as he said—

"Miss Brentham, I must come another day and bid you good-bye."

The words, though half interrogative, seemed to suggest a termination to the present interview.

Slowly Miss Brentham turned her face towards him. The chilled, pained look had disappeared, the lines of her face were softened and subdued, a shy gentleness was in her eyes. Charles Stanley noted the change of expression, but she only said—

"Yes, you must come and bid us good-bye before you go."

She held out her hand as she spoke. He clasped it warmly in his own. The next moment the hall door had opened. He saw her enter into the light and the warmth, and then turning he went slowly away, battling once more with the wind and the driving storm.

(*Continued on page* 129.)

WHO IS MRS. GRUNDY?

Mrs. Grundy! Who is she? What is she? Where does she hail from? and how in the name of all the mythical personages who were ever invented did she become such a queen and ruler among men, and more particularly among women?

Who invested her with a sovereignty far exceeding that of any Russian Czar or Eastern potentate?

To whom are we indebted for Mrs. Grundy?

To these questions be it answered that the origin of this notable dame with the derisive finger and uplifted brows is not lost in the mists of antiquity. We can trace her without difficulty to the starting point and see for ourselves that she springs from no lofty parentage.

Mr. Grundy—but no one cares anything about Mr. Grundy—was a farmer, and Mrs. Grundy of world-wide reputation was his wife; and the worthy couple had no other existence save that accorded to the shadows which flit across the theatrical stage, formed of "such stuff as dreams are made of."

The famous Mrs. Grundy, therefore, was only the farmer's wife in the farce of "Speed the Plough," whose neighbour—the first that ever stood in awe of her—was continually exclaiming to her husband, at every reverse of fortune, "But what will Mrs. Grundy say?"

This phrase, so often reiterated, found its way beyond the walls of the theatre where the farce was represented; it made its *début* in the world, and at once caught the popular fancy.

The reigning slang expression was dethroned, became obsolete, and went to swell the ranks of its forbears; while soon everybody was asking everybody else, with a secret feeling that he was being very funny indeed, "But what will Mrs. Grundy say?"

It was felt to be a hit—a very palpable hit; an expression that was suitable to every circumstance of life.

Mrs. Grundy was distinctly a "happy thought." She presented in a concrete form public opinion in the abstract; she "stood for" the unwritten code of laws social and laws moral, and all the rules of etiquette; she supplied, as advertisers would phrase it, a long felt want. Therefore is it that while other popular fictions live their little day, and departing hence are no more heard of, Mrs. Grundy continues to flourish among us.

A tyrant of tyrants, a perfect old woman of the sea is this good lady.

She is the queen of tittle-tattlers, high priestess of gossip, and head mistress of the school for scandal.

She must, forsooth, have a finger in every pie; nothing escapes those inquisitive eyes; nothing is lost upon those ears so "more than common" long that they are only surpassed by the exceeding length of her tongue.

We may not do as we like, but as she pleases; and very soon we shall be told that it is not love that makes the world goes round, but Mrs. Grundy.

I do not think, however, that we shall believe this.

Still, there is no end to her interference. We must be wooed and married—ay, and buried and a', according to her august dictates, and she will even condescend to regulate the number of mourning coaches at our funeral and the depth of the mourners' crape.

We should like to do all sorts of things if we only dared. We should like, for instance, to exchange the uncomfortable regulation chimney-pot for a soft hat, and to wear a turn-down collar instead of a stick-up one like a board; we should be quite satisfied with the cold mutton for dinner, and it would suit our pocket infinitely better to take a pennyworth of omnibus instead of a shilling's worth of cab, but then, what would Mrs. Grundy say? There's the rub.

When we dine early why are we so fond of terming the midday meal "lunch," although we know perfectly well that it is all the dinner we shall get, and that we shall partake of what hotel-keepers call a "plain tea" somewhere about half past five, in company with all our olive branches?

Why, indeed? Save that we are poor-spirited mortals, terribly afraid of Mrs. Grundy. Truly this is all vanity and vexation of spirit; behaviour unworthy of the Briton who shall never be a slave.

August comes round, the month for flitting; but somehow we do not feel over-anxious to exchange our comfortable house, with the garden looking its best, and the tennis-ground in prime condition, for stuffy lodgings at some crowded watering-place. We would, in fact, much rather stay where we are.

But the ubiquitous Mrs. Grundy lifts her hands in horror at the bare suggestion of such an infringement of her laws. "Remain at your own house in August? Impossible, my dears!"

And when Mrs. Grundy says "Im-possible!" in that tone of voice, one knows, of course, that the only thing to be done is to submit quietly; to grin and bear it. The

queen of scandalmongers deals very largely in insinuations, which she goes on dropping here and there with a perseverance worthy of a better cause.

"My dear, have you heard that young Mr. and Mrs. Turtledove quarrel dreadfully? Is it really true that that stuck-up Mrs. de Vere was a barmaid? and did Sir George really marry his cook? Whom does Arabella go to meet when she takes those *very* long constitutionals? and where does the money come from to pay for Mrs. Jones' fine dresses? How can Miss Smith be a lady when she dusts her own room, and has her gowns turned? Wasn't there some queer story about young Robinson, which his family tried to hush up?"

Oh, Mrs. Grundy, ma'am! how thoroughly do you enjoy prying into the cupboards where we keep our skeletons! and how delighted you are to gratify our neighbours' very natural curiosity concerning them!

It is a fact that men do not stand is such awe of Mrs. Grundy as women; they often, indeed, laugh irreverently at her petticoat government, and deny her right to regulate all the issues of life.

It is the women who feel so strongly about doing "the proper thing;" who would die rather than fail to leave their cards upon the right people at the right time; and consider it little less than a crime to send their guests in to dinner wrongly. Small social delinquencies are not to be tolerated by the disciples of Mrs. Grundy. It matters little to them that a man be honest, generous and high-minded if he eat his fish with a steel knife, and drop an "h" here and there; or that a woman have all the virtues and most of the graces if she dress dowdily and wear her hair as it was worn three years ago.

Their code of morals is a peculiar one. One may be wicked, but one may not be vulgar; a scamp, but not a dowdy; ill-tempered, but not old-fashioned. Truly these things are a great mystery. Listen to Mrs. Grundy, as she sits up aloft and issues her orders to the feminine world from season to season—

"My dears," she says, in peremptory tones, "you shall turn yourselves into balloons, and walk abroad encased in iron cages; or your gowns shall be so narrow that it is next to impossible to walk at all. You shall drag a train after you five yards on the ground; or you shall wear skirts hardly reaching below your ankles.

"Your bonnets shall be flat as pancakes, and anon shall rise into the air until you look like a perambulating Eiffel Tower.

"As for your hair, you shall stuff it out with pads behind, or roll it over cushions in front; you shall frizz it all over your forehead, or wear it in long curls down your back; you shall even cut it all off, and don a wig made of borrowed locks."

After this kind are the sumptuary edicts of the unseen potentate; many of them irrational, absurd and unnatural to the last degree. But do her subjects rebel on that account? Not a bit of it; they hug their chains, and go on year after year burning incense before the Grundian shrine, and vieing with each other in slavish obedience to her commands.

Let us consider for a moment what would happen if her majesty abdicated; if Mrs. Grundy retired from public business, and removed from us the fear of what she would say.

For one thing the alms bag at church would be discarded and we should return to the open plate, in which no man would feel ashamed of depositing his modest penny—supposing he could afford no more.

There would be no more dropping of coppers softly into the bags, to make believe they were sixpences and shillings; for Mrs. Grundy would not be there to suggest such a thing.

There would, in fact, be no more hypocrisy and meanness of any kind; snobbery and false pride would depart from among us; if we were in business we should not be ashamed to own it, and we should certainly not allude to our dinner as "lunch," with intent to deceive. But alack, when this desirable state of things comes to pass, our wings will, I trow, be sprouting, and the millennium not far distant.

Perhaps some of us would try harder to cultivate those angelic adornments; but then they are not fashionable, and what would Mrs. Grundy say? SHEILA.

THE EMIGRANT'S FRIEND: CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

In all countries of old standing, where population and civilization have kept pace, a terrible and pressing want will sooner or later make itself felt. Need I say what it is? Elbow-room, free space for a younger generation, a weeding out which will diminish the fierce jostling of over-competition in all professions and trades. The pet cure is emigration. It was in the early evil days of emigration, when emigration societies were conspicuous by their absence, and the Government, in its low opinion of the living cargoes sent into the wilderness, suffered the most horrible over-crowding and massing together in the emigrant ships, and the utter destitution of the emigrants on landing to prevail unchecked, that Caroline Chisholm arose, and, by the simple power of goodness and sense—that is, enthusiastic persevering generosity and native sagacity—brought light out of darkness, and harmony out of confusion.

Caroline Chisholm was born in Northamptonshire some eighty years ago. Her maiden name was Jones, and her family belonged to the respectable, intelligent middle-classes. From both father and mother she seems to have inherited exceptional uprightness, thoughtfulness, and sympathy with suffering.

An amusing story is told of the first exhibition of her interest in colonisation. Her family had friends in America with whom a correspondence was kept up that greatly excited and entertained the child. One of her favourite pastimes, when she was six years of age, was to make a mimic ocean in a wash-hand basin, and to launch on it boats—the shells of broad beans. These were filled with tiny touch-wood dolls, and after they had been conveyed to their destination, the fairy fleet was freighted with corn, and sent to bring more passengers, waiting on the bed-quilt to join the pioneers. As frequent storms and great upheavals of the ocean were inevitable, the play was prohibited unless conducted in a dark cellar, lighted by a rushlight stuck in a tea-kettle.

The little girl's father died while she was still young, but her mother supplied his place so well that even before the

Caroline Chisholm.

bright, busy maiden was out of her teens she was full of service for the poor around her.

Caroline Jones was married in 1829 or 1830, when she was nineteen years of age, to Captain Chisholm, of the East India Company's service, and went with him to join his regiment at Madras. The young wife was immediately struck by the neglected condition of the soldiers' daughters of the regiments with which she came in contact, and at once bestirred herself on their behalf. She succeeded in founding an industrial school, where the girls were received and taught.

Now, most of us have heard something of the enervating character of the worst Indian climates, and of the languor induced by them. We have heard also of the round of gaieties kept up at the military stations to cheat those who are in temporary exile of the *ennui* and pining which are apt to be the lot of exiles. In addition, Mrs. Chisholm was the mother of little children, whose claims on her were not only binding, they could be rarely remitted. She defied languor; she disdained frivolity; she did not suffer home ties to swallow her up; she was able to give the institution she had planned and established, with the aid of the Governor and of various influential residents in the Presidency, so much of her care, and to make it so excellent in every way, that after eight years' stay in India she left it a boon to the locality and a model for similar schools.

Captain Chisholm's health gave way, and he was forced to go with his wife and family to Southern Australia. "No sooner were they established at Sydney," says the writer of the sketch to which the author of this article is indebted for most of her materials, "than Mrs. Chisholm was struck by the misery of the emigrants, who frequently landed alike friendless and penniless." A peculiar impression seems to have been made on her by a forlorn party of Highlanders, without even a knowledge of the English language to help them in their need. It is easy to understand the force of the attraction when one reflects that Captain Chisholm, if not fresh from the Highlands, must at least have been of Highland descent. There is a saying that charity should begin at home. I beg to call attention to the fact that Caroline Chisholm's charity, if it was far from ending at home, began near it, in obligations handed on to her by her husband, and the surroundings in which she was placed. The first objects of her womanly kindness were his soldiers' daughters; the next, his stranded country people. She dwelt among emigrants, and therefore she did with all her might whatever her hand could find to do among them. She began with seeking to comfort and advise the Highlanders, showing her sincerity by lending them a little money, with which she was never over-burdened, to buy tools, and so qualifying them to start on a career of independence.

After three years, Captain Chisholm had to return to his post in India, while it was held better for his wife and family to remain in Australia. Mrs. Chisholm, still a young woman under thirty years of age, seized the opportunity of the greater freedom from other calls on her time and attention to carry out the ideas which she had been turning over in her mind during these three years. Emigrant girls and women, but more especially the girls, seemed to belong to her by right. She set her heart on providing an asylum for them from the moment that they set foot on her part of Australia, where they generally arrived in the most pitiable state of want and ignorance, often depraved by vicious association, and, as a rule, exposed to every kind of temptation and degradation. She was also eager to organise such a system of bringing out emigrant women from England, and establishing them in the new country, as should be honest, decent, humane and hopeful.

She was unwearied in her efforts to interest the wealthier settlers in their poorer sisters, and we are told "she had to suffer many a rebuff" without growing dispirited or being turned aside from her purpose. With great difficulty she got from the Governor the grant of a small, rough store to serve as a female emigrants' home, for the support of which she had already collected funds. In course of time the home was enlarged, and a hundred young women could lodge in it. Mrs. Chisholm intrepidly and most benevolently took her place among them, believing justly that her personal influence was wanted to control and unite them, at least till these detachments from the poorest and most benighted women and girls in England should become accustomed to the rules and restraints of an orderly home. To do this Mrs. Chisholm had to leave her own home for the most part, and to entrust her children, who could not be brought into such crowded quarters, and into often worse than dubious contact, to other guardians than their mother. To those who may be tempted to hold that, in taking this step, zeal outran discretion, and Mrs. Chisholm sacrificed her private to her public duties, I would venture to say that, doubtless,

Convalescent. [*Drawn by Percy Tarrant.*

she believed that many a trustworthy friend would be found for her innocent, gently-nurtured children, past their babyhood, while few indeed would be prepared to do what she undertook for those who were largely looked upon as the very scum of the earth, who were all miserably poor, rude, and more or less coarse, even when they had not been fatally contaminated by the cruel treatment they had undergone.

When she commenced her mission, she "solemnly dedicated" all her powers of mind and body to the God who gave them, in the cause which she believed to be alike His cause, and that of the creatures He had made. She considered herself called upon, and she was willing to fulfil the obligation, to sacrifice for Him and His emigrants, "personal comforts and domestic enjoyments"; while her husband authorised her both by precept and example to make the sacrifice. He went with her heart and soul in her heroic work.

I have only space for a tithe of Caroline Chisholm's good deeds to emigrants. With the view of establishing her protegées suitably, and, above all, of forming branch committees and branch homes for the protection of female emigrants, she took long journeys up-country and into the Bush—no light or even safe matter in those days—accompanied by parties of young women, "varying in number from fifteen to sixty," whom she located at the desirable farms she passed.

On the first occasion she defrayed the expenses of the expedition, trusting to the girls repaying her out of their future wages. When her character and work grew familiar to the settlers, they willingly supplied her with conveyances, food and lodging free of charge.

It does not require a very lively imagination to conjure up the excitement and interest which the arrival of Mrs. Chisholm and her train must have aroused in those remote regions. Frequently when she appeared in the Bush, or presided over a fresh arrival of girls by the last emigrant ship which had entered the beautiful harbour of Sydney, she was besieged by companies of bachelors, who, in their lonely estate and dearth of female aid at their stations, were as impatient for useful wives as ever the over-wrought mistresses of families were for efficient servants. Mrs. Chisholm used to say that, looking on good temper as a grand requisite for happiness in wedlock, and believing that she held in her possession an excellent test for temper, she had much pleasure in recommending to a worthy young man a girl whom she had watched in the early hours of the morning, and had seen, at that crucial time, wearing a cheery, obliging smile which rendered her face pleasant to look upon, whatever its features and complexion, instead of the glum, yawning, discontented expression that spoilt the face of her prettier neighbour.

When there was an unprecedented glut of working people in Sydney, and the Government was at its wit's end what to make of them, Mrs. Chisholm helped to relieve the body politic by managing, through her extraordinary power of winning confidence and securing obedience, to be accepted as the leader and adviser of a number of families whom she carried three hundred miles into the interior and settled at different points in the Bush, cheerfully sharing the fatigues and hardships of her companions in the adventure.

In the middle of her other toils and responsibilities she contrived to take a large collection of notes on what she saw and heard. These notes were written "sometimes in houses, sometimes by the road-side, frequently in ploughed fields with a plough for a table" under the blue sky and brilliant sun of Australia.

In 1846 Mrs. Chisholm, now a woman between thirty and forty, returned with her husband to England, where she spent the next eight years. But even then the single-hearted, devoted couple did not relax their exertions on behalf of emigrants. She was the indefatigable, unpaid agent of thousands of emigrants in searching for lost relations and deserted children. The Chisholms got two shiploads of pauper children exported, at the Government expense, from various English workhouses, to their parents in Australia. The same friends of the friendless compelled the fulfilment of a pledge in the transport of a consignment of convicts' wives, who had been promised a free passage to their husbands conditional on the good behaviour of the convicts.

The establishment of "The Family Colonisation Loan Society," which placed the emigration of the poor on a more honourable and independent basis than formerly, was another achievement of the pair, which afforded them great satisfaction.

In 1854, when Mrs. Chisholm was in the forty-fifth year of her age, she and Captain Chisholm returned to Australia, where her arrival was hailed with an ovation. Everywhere she received tokens of respect and regard. She did not attain to a great age, but her life was long reckoning it by the work she accomplished. The enormous increase of emigration among young maid-servants alone, the interest which the different Colonial Governments take in the movement, the ample provision which is made for the comfort and safety of the emigrant girls, are all the fruits of their first friend's exertions on their behalf. Thirty-six years have passed since then, and a heroic woman rests from her labours.

MOTHERS AT HOME.

BY E. M. WATERWORTH.

CHAPTER IV.

CHILDREN—HOW TO TRAIN THEM.

TIME is going on, my friends; you and I are getting older, and so are our children. We have called our youngest "Baby," perhaps, till we are ashamed of ourselves, and begin to fear the name will stick to her all her life if we do not promptly change it.

As for the other children, one is a big boy of eight or nine years, the other is a girl of six, and as we curl "Baby's" sunny hair, we give a little sigh, remembering that school games and school companions will soon be her first thought too.

Yes, there is a certain amount of sadness in the heart of every good mother as she launches her children one by one into school life. Their little barque is so frail as yet; will it weather the storms which must come? School is, as it were, but the narrow strait which leads into the ocean of the world. On each side the little barque, so small, so weak, is sheltered by the love of father and mother, by the influence of home; but by-and-by the narrow channel will be passed, and the child, grown into man or womanhood, will go forth alone to guide its own vessel over the rocks and billows. Happy for that one who has been all his life taught to look to the Great Captain of his salvation for orders, and to trust only to the anchor of faith.

I did not mean to say all that, dear friends, but my pen ran away with me, as my thoughts went to my own eldest boy, who, too, must soon leave home for school, and mothers' hearts are much the same all over the world. My first word to you all then is, don't be jealous or hurt when you find you no longer seem to hold the very first place in your child's heart. For a time, Jack, or Charlie, or Arthur, new friends who can do a sum or throw a ball, or turn a somersault better than your little man, will be his hero and friend. But wait, wait patiently, wait lovingly; it is only the novelty of it all. By-and-by you will find, deep down, deeper than ever you expected, your child's love for you underlies every other love. He may have, and I am sure you hope he will have, many friends, but he will never forget his mother; that is, of course, if his mother has been all to him that you and I hope to be.

But you must keep your influence over your children as they grow older. "I love babies, but when they are about five to fifteen years old I can't bear children; they are so fidgety and tiresome."

Yes, yes; but whose fault is that, pray?

Of course, as a child's body grows, its mind grows, its will grows; but if you have not spoilt your baby, you will not spoil your child of three or four. Don't hedge them round with great thorns of you-mus'n't-do-this and you-shan't-do-that, but let sunshine of smiles surround them, and roses of happiness lie in their paths.

Train them to obedience; and by obedience I mean doing instantly what they are told, with willing feet and hands. Don't threaten them.

"You come down out of that apple-tree and I'll break every bone in your body," shouted an angry farmer one day.

"Then I think I'll stay up here," was the quiet answer of the boy; and he certainly showed the more sense of the two.

What senseless threats one hears as one walks through the streets; worse still, what grievous, terrifying threats. "If you don't put that down I'll skin you," says one mother. "Come along quick, or the black man will eat you," says another. How senseless is the one threat! the tiniest child must soon understand just what it is worth; how shameful, how wicked is the other. Many a sleepless night, many an aching head, and, sad it is to say it, many a premature death may be traced to such threats.

Two years ago, as I was walking at Lowestoft, I saw a lady and gentleman come out of a shop with a sweet-looking boy about four years old. Fascinated by the toys, the little fellow lagged behind, and had, I suppose, been called once or twice. Just as I passed the lady said, "Come along quick; here's a policeman coming, and he will run away with you."

If the child were, as he looked, a delicate, sensitive child, with what inward quakings would he grow to watch every policeman; how he would tremble as he heard sounds in his little room at night; how every nightmare would take the form of someone tearing him away from his mother.

Many a child goes trembling to bed, and shudders at the dark, because of some cruel, though perhaps thoughtless threat.

What good can it do to tell the little ones of ghosts and goblins, of ravenous wolves and such-like? I know for my part I would make a bonfire of most of the books which are put into our nurseries, whose only object seems to be to terrify the youngsters.

If you value peace of mind yourselves, my friends, for the sake of Him who once deigned to pass through the troubles and pleasures of childhood, leave off scaring your children, and do all in your power to stop other people doing it. God keep us all from having the sin on our shoulders of killing the peace of mind of any child. Let your children obey you, and trust you, feeling—let me say it with all reverence—that mother and father are the messengers of God, lent by Him to protect the little ones while they are too young to protect themselves.

But I must hurry on; I have a long list of things that I want to speak to you about, and if I don't take care I shall be bound to leave some out for want of space.

Don't teach your children to be greedy or vindictive. "Well to be sure, what next? Of course I don't; whoever would do such a thing?"

No one willingly, I hope, but many do thoughtlessly. I'll show you how. Bobby does not want his dinner, or is inclined to play instead of eating it properly. Says the mother or nurse, "Now then, make haste, or doggie will eat it." Bobby promptly pegs away at the food he does not really want, and so learns his first lesson in greediness; he eats his dinner to prevent the dog helping him. Why not teach Bobby to share his nice things?

Toddlekins runs round the room, and finally falls down and knocks her head against the table, and begins to cry. "Naughty table," says an elder sister or brother, coming to the rescue, and really only meaning to distract the little one's attention, "naughty table, beat it."

Toddlekins, inheriting man's natural desire to throw the blame on someone else, hits the table, and learns her first lesson in vindictiveness. What wonder that in a year

or so we find her thumping baby because he scratched her?

Train the little ones to be tidy. Why should you have to clear up after them? You have quite enough to do if you are only half as busy as I am. Begin at the very beginning with this as with everything else. As soon as a child is old enough to understand, and can walk, teach it to put away its own toys when it has finished playing with them; and don't encourage that very dangerous habit of wanting half-a-dozen different things at the same time.

Children may be helped in their play as well as in their work. If a little one is building a house and the bricks fall down, encourage it by a word or smile to "try again," and yet again, until it has succeeded in doing that which it first wanted to do. So will you unconsciously teach a habit of perseverance.

"For pity's sake, child, get something to do; it's enough to give any one the fidgets to see you hanging about like that. I wish there were no such things as holidays." We have all heard those words, if we have not used them ourselves, as I strongly suspect most of us have. Now, be sure of this. If you have trained your child to be industrious—and by that I understand *playing* heartily as well as *working* well—if, I say, you have trained your child thus, you may be sure that her "hanging about" is a sign that something is wrong. She is perhaps not feeling well, though she hardly knows it herself, or she has some little trouble in her heart, big enough it is to her, poor mite, which prevents her settling down to her usual amusements.

Bring up your children to work and be useful. In this matter I think the poorer women are more likely, perhaps, to err in doing too much, but I am perfectly sure those who are better off do a great deal too little. Personally, I am determined that if all goes well, my girl shall be able to make a bed, clean a stove, and wash the glasses, as well as the housemaid, and prepare me as nice a little dinner as the cook.

In these days, when a smattering of many things forms part of the education of children who will, or ought to be, looking forward to earning their own living, there seems a danger of neglecting the solid parts of education. If I had the power, I would see that every girl was taught how to clean a house, how to cook, and how to make her own things, instead of the rudiments of half-a-dozen accomplishments. The first would help her to make herself, her husband and her children happy, the latter do but too often make her discontented with that station to which it has pleased God to call her.

Be strictly truthful with your children. There is no other way to gain their perfect confidence.

The noted Robert Hall sternly reproved a mother who had acted a lie by saying, "Excuse me, madam; do you wish your child to grow up a liar?" When the lady answered in alarm that she would be shocked at such a thing, he added, "Then bear with me, while I say you must never act a lie before her. Children are very quick observers, and soon learn that that which assumes to be what it is not, is a lie, whether acted or spoken."

If you make a promise, keep it, whether it be a promise of pleasure or a promise of pain. Hardly a day passes without a mother having to exercise this particular virtue, and yet it is one which we too lightly weigh, I fancy. If a medicine is nasty, the thoughtless mother coaxes her child to take it, by solemnly declaring that it is very nice. The youngster drinks it, and instantly knows that his mother has said what was false. By-and-by he, too, will learn to tell lies perhaps, and then what different measure will be taken of them. Tell the truth yourself on all occasions, and so you will help the children to be truthful, too.

"Yes, darling, it is nasty, I know, but try and take it nicely to please mother."

You kill two, no *three* birds with one stone. You tell the truth, you urge the child to self-command, and you strengthen its love and faith in you.

Feed your children wisely. If you make a confectioner's shop of their insides, no wonder you have to evict the confectioner, and furnish with a chemist's stock instead. Plenty of milk, plenty of brown bread, very little meat, good plain puddings, well cooked, plenty of good, fresh fruit and vegetables when they can be had, plenty of fresh air, no tea, no beer, no wine, no spirits, no currants, very little sugar, and very few sweets; these are what are wanted to make healthy, happy youngsters.

It has often struck me that many people do not show sufficient interest in the way in which their children take exercise or recreation. When I was a youngster, I know I was sent out for a walk twice a day. Day after day, week in week out, I paced by the side of the servant sent in charge, and I hated what should have been a pleasure. Such walks do not do the amount of good to a child's mind and body that people think. The daily recreation, whether it be outdoor or indoor, should, as its name signifies, make anew the child's strength and spirits. For this reason I would recommend all mothers to keep certain toys for the children to take out with them—toys which are not used at all at other times, so that there is a freshness and pleasure in them. Hoops and balls for the winter; dolls, battledores and shuttlecocks, favourite sticks for the summer. Mail-carts are now the fashion, and many kind fathers spend their evenings in making these healthy, pleasant toys for their little ones.

To those who can afford it I would say, get one of Morris and Cooke's (Grimsby) Victor carriages. I have examined them carefully, and can recommend them as being the best specimen of mail-cart I have ever seen. You can put a child of two years and upwards in the back seat, which is not at an awkward angle, back to the horse as many are, but the little one is safely ensconced on a regular little carriage-seat, with a comfortable place for its feet, free from draughts, on the plan of the basinette-perambulators. Another child can sit in front, hold on by two handles, and sit either facing or with back to the horse, and both can be tucked in as snugly as possible with a rug in the winter. The shafts, too, can be raised or lowered according to the height of the individual who is going to act as horse, so that the Victor carriage makes a capital substitute for a perambulator.

So much for exercise. Finally, I would say, don't be for ever dosing your children's bodies, nor for ever cramping their minds with petty rules and worrying restrictions. Teach them gentleness, forbearance towards each other. Dress them sensibly, in a manner suited to their age and station in life, and suited to the weather. Treat them like reasonable beings; don't shut them up the moment they ask a question; don't hurt their feelings. Ah, many a sensitive child has been ruined by that sort of treatment. Make their lives as pleasant as you can.

I know it is a difficult task I put before you, but God gives the grace we need; and when our mother's work is finished, when we feel our life ebbing away fast, what sweeter reward can we have than to feel our children's hands in ours, and hear their voices whispering, "Mother, darling mother." God grant that reward to each of us.

"I beg your pardon. I've come to the wrong house!" p. 126.

NO. 7, BUNTER'S ROW; OR, HER BRIGHT IDEA.

BY MRS. G. S. REANEY.

(*Continued from page 99.*)

Within a few moments Martha was in the full excitement of busy, enjoyable work. She meant to make her chairs look bright. She first washed them with soap and water, then having thoroughly rubbed them with a dry flannel, she hunted up a little sweet oil (which she found in a bottle in the cupboard), and commenced the polishing. It would have been less hard work with bee's-wax and honey, but Martha had no time to go out shopping today. She must do the best she could with what lay close at hand. The chairs finished, she next did the grate

whitening the hearth, and black-leading the fender and bars. Strange the difference it made to her work now that she had her *will* in it. She had often given the fireplace all the attention it was having now, but the results were very poor by comparison.

The grate completed, Martha scoured the floor, cleaned the windows, and then, as a matter of course, put up a clean blind. In going outside to do the window she felt quite shocked—so wide awake was she at the moment to dirt and discomfort—at the condition of the door step. Quick as thought she took that next, making it look whiter and smoother than she ever remembered to have done it before. It was five o'clock. What a great deal had been accomplished in an hour! Tom would not leave the factory until six. There was still time for more work, and so the tins on the mantleshelf came in for what Miss Burgess would have called an affectionate greeting. Then Martha sat down to rest, fairly tired. But she could not enjoy the rest. She felt hot with her exertions, and much needing a refreshing wash herself. Having secured this, and the kitchen being so tidy, she could not settle down until she had changed her dress, to be herself in harmony with her surroundings. So she quickly put on her only good frock (a black one, neatly made), thought a nice clean collar and a white apron would set it off, and then by accident remembered that in *courting* days Tom had always praised the ribbon at her throat. A few minutes' hunt in a box seldom used brought to light a little bow of crimson velvet. This Martha pinned on in place of a brooch, and thus adorned went down stairs to set the tea table and put the kettle on the fire.

Now it happened that when the house was untidy and herself in garments that were shabby and full of rents, Martha could sit for hours with her hands before her, doing nothing; but at this moment, her spirits raised by her healthful work, and feeling quite the visitor in her own home, so carefully did she feel herself to be dressed, Martha did not like sitting down in idleness. So she got her work-basket and, first setting it to rights, commenced to darn her husband's stockings.

As the time drew near for his return, her heart beat quickly. What would he think and say? How could she explain this sudden freak of energy? Oh, there he was, she knew his step; his hand was on the latch. Martha's flushed face bent lower over the work which she held in her hand. A sudden shyness seized her. She did not turn her face to the door. She listened breathlessly for her husband's first words, but was quite unprepared for them when they came.

Tom had opened the door, and had taken one step in when suddenly he drew back with an apology.

"I *beg* your pardon. I've made a mistake and come to the wrong house," and as he spoke he retreated, quickly drawing to the door.

It was only the work of a moment for Martha to jump up from her seat and open the door, calling to her husband to come back. Then both laughed, Tom a little nervously, Martha with tears in her eyes.

"What's up, lass?" Tom asked, in tones more tender than they had been for many a day.

"It's only your wife's love revealing itself in a brighter home, Tom," said Martha softly, as she hid her face on her husband's shoulder. "I know I've fretted a deal of late, lad, and done no good to either of us by it; I'm going in for brightness now. See, I want to put a flower in your coat, and do you come and sit down to tea, and let's try and believe we're just married!"

The words were unpremeditated, Martha spoke upon the impulse of the moment, but she never regretted having said this.

Tom put his arm round her and kissed her—a real lover's kiss.

And that evening was the beginning of a new life to Martha Brown. She never quite understood how it all came about, but Tom changed his working clothes to his Sunday ones—to keep her company, and put off his heavy boots saying:—

"If you like to work a bit I'll read the newspaper to you," and later in the evening he reached down the Bible from the shelf, and read a chapter. Then he bowed his head over his hand, and repeated reverently the Lord's Prayer.

Martha followed the prayer until tears choked her utterance. As she looked up into Tom's face afterwards, she caught an expression in his eyes which gave her courage to say:—

"There's only one thing left to make the day the very happiest of my life."

"What is it, wife?" Tom asked gently.

"Tom, don't be angry," Martha answered," but if only—if only you would sign the pledge I believe our troubles would be at an end."

"You're right, Martha," said Tom, and his voice was thick with suppressed feeling. "Come, we'll put our names just inside the cover of the Bible, and the date and 'I promise' at the top. We needn't say more; *we* shall know what it means!"

So Martha had her wish, and in after years, when the little children whom God gave to her as time went on (the first arriving on her fifth wedding day), asked the meaning of the "I promise, and the signatures" within the cover of the Bible, she would answer, with heightened colour and a joyous ring in her tones:—

"That's father's secret, and mine. When you are quite grown up we will tell you."

And the children longed with the curiosity of youth for the time to come when the secret should be told.

I think it will have come by now.

"HIS MOTHER'S TEMPER."

Grandmamma Beaufort was paying her first visit to her only son—her first that is since he had set up housekeeping on his own account. Both he and his wife had done all they could to induce her to make her home with them, but unsuccessfully; she was too much attached to the quiet little home in which her married life had been spent to leave it for the smoke and noise of London.

Nor could all their persuasions prevail upon her to travel so far on a visit; she was too old-fashioned to think lightly of the one hundred miles which lay between them, and had quite a horror of the puffing, shrieking train.

But at length there came a piece of news which reconciled her even to the idea of the long journey, the noisy engine, the bustle of the stations, and the din of the city—she had a little grandson.

She must see him, whatever obstacles might intervene, and her heart went out very tenderly towards her daughter-in-law when she read in her son's letter, that—

"Maggie said he must be named Benjamin, after father."

"Bless her!" murmured Mrs. Beaufort, wiping her eyes. "I daresay now she chose that name just to please me."

This supposition was strictly correct, for in her secret heart Maggie very much disliked the name of Benjamin.

The grandmother was so delighted, and so very eager to see the babe, that, in spite of the infirmities of old age, and the unpropitious state of the weather, she at once set about her preparations for the journey.

Baby was three weeks old, however, before she saw him, for it took some time to make the necessary arrangements.

She looked at him critically, and of course decided at once that he was the finest, prettiest baby she had ever seen—except his father, when he was an infant.

"But he doesn't take after you at all, Walter," she added; "he certainly has his mother's face, and his mother's hair."

"Yes, and his mother's temper, too," answered Walter.

Grandmamma was too polite and too kind to take any notice of this observation, but the young mother coloured painfully. She bit her lip, and turned to arrange the tea-table.

"His mother's temper!" How the words rankled. Maggie attended to grandmamma with the utmost kindness and graciousness, but the effort it cost was great. The one sentence kept ringing in her ears—

"Yes, and his mother's temper, too."

Maggie did not think herself freer from faults than other people, and was perfectly aware that she possessed a very hasty, passionate temper; but it was none the less unkind of her husband to call attention to it in this fashion, especially when she was so anxious to make a good impression upon Grandmamma Beaufort!

When the husband and wife were alone together, she said quietly, but with an ominous sparkle in her eyes, and firmly-set lips—

"What did you mean, Walter, by saying that baby has my temper?"

"Why, what I said, of course. Hasn't he now? Just see the passions he puts himself into—such a mite as he is!"

With great difficulty Maggie kept back the torrent of angry words that rose to her lips, but her heart was very sore for a long time after. Baby very seldom cried without bringing back the words—

"He has his mother's temper."

Maggie's temper had been a source of very great trouble to her, and she recalled with distinctness and bitterness how she had once bemoaned it when talking to Walter during their engagement; but he had responded that he would not have her changed in the very least, that he loved her all the better for her impetuosity, and she never looked so pretty as when she was in a temper.

Ah, but Maggie ought to have remembered that these were but the ravings of a lover; a husband is a different person altogether, and what may be tolerated, or even admired before marriage, assumes another aspect after.

Walter sometimes found it really difficult to put up with Maggie's outbursts, and he had entirely altered his opinion respecting her appearance at such times; she never looked to him so repulsive as when she was, as he now expressed it, in a "tantrum."

Walter was a very easy-going, placid person, not quickly ruffled. As baby grew older, Maggie was obliged to admit to herself that her husband had been right in saying he had his mother's temper.

Although her own hasty, fiery spirit had been an anxiety to her, she had not tried very hard to conquer it, but now she saw it reproduced in her child it appeared more serious. Perhaps it helped her to be more patient with him; often when his screams tempted her to slap him, she would say to herself in a half-ironical manner—

"Maybe, he can't help it; he has my temper."

Little Benjie certainly grew into a very wilful, passionate boy, and in order to teach him to curb his temper, his mother found it necessary to check her own. That thoughtless remark of her husband's had assisted in a great measure towards this, and she made it one of her constant prayers that grace might be granted to enable her to overcome this "besetting sin," and help her child to overcome it also.

Grandmamma Beaufort was so won by the baby's charms, and the kindness of her son and his wife, that she actually consented to leave her country home, and take up her abode in the London she had once thought so insufferable.

She was a great help in the house, as well as being a pleasant, loving companion to Maggie, and was a prime favourite with her grand-children—for Benjie was presently followed by brothers and sisters, but perhaps none of them were so dear to the grandmother's heart as the eldest-born. She frequently remarked upon his great likeness to his mother, but was never once heard to say that he had her temper.

Nor did anyone else, for Maggie's victory over herself was complete. Of the eight boys and girls who filled the house with joy and mirth, and, alas! sometimes with discord—more than one was of a hasty, passionate spirit, and friends of the family who chanced to see any exhibition of it, were sometimes heard to express a wonder as to "Who they could have taken after."

Such a remark would bring a faint smile to Maggie's lips—not that she thought lightly of her children's dispositions (she was pained to see her own failing reproduced in her little ones)—but she hoped and prayed that they would conquer it as she had done. Still, she could never hear such an observation without thinking of the day when her husband said of three-weeks-old Benjie, that "he had his mother's temper."

Louie S.

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

AUGUST is quite a hot weather month, in which we are thankful for prints, muslins, and delaines, in fact for anything that is cool and comfortable. The old-fashioned lilac prints that for so many years have been relegated to the kitchen have suddenly become quite fashionable; the colour is rechristened and called heliotrope, and ladies put velvet collars and cuffs on them, and often some rows of velvet round the skirt, and wear them on very smart outdoor occasions. This really is rather ridiculous, but if it serves to bring the pretty lilac prints that wash so well and are so serviceable and becoming into notice again, it will be a very good thing, for the only other colours that really wash and wear are pinks and buffs, and girls often spend their money on a rather expensive cotton only to find it faded and shabby-looking after the first wash, and unwearable after the second. The only thing to be done when this occurs is to boil the unsatisfactory cotton in clean soap and water in the copper, hang it out to dry in bright sunshine, and then use it either as a petticoat, or cut up into linings for other dresses, or perhaps make it into white aprons.

Dress skirts are now made with all the fulness, and even the little draping that prevents the front from looking so plain and stiff, springing from one point behind, where it is arranged in one or sometimes two folds or pleats.

Blouse bodices are as much worn as ever, and they look very neat when the skirt of the dress is put on afterwards, and a Swiss belt made of the same material and colour as the blouse is worn. This gives a finish, and the point behind just prevents the unsightly look of the band of the dress-skirt, which is never tidy when a plain, straight, round waist-band is used.

A very pretty mode of making black bodices has come up, which just relieves the sombre appearance, and yet is as neat as can be desired. The full bodice has the pleats arranged so as to leave a plain V in front, and this is made of black and white checked, or striped silk, which is easily removable, and gives a charming appearance to the dress. Bodices made in this fashion should always fasten down one side of the V where the hooks and loops are all but invisible, for there is no surer way of soiling any light or fanciful centre than by perpetual fingering, which is unavoidable if the buttons and buttonholes or hooks and eyes are there.

A neat and pretty hot-weather gown is made of butcher's blue twill, or plain cotton with a vest, collar, and cuffs of the same kind of blue with white spots in it, commonly called bird's-eye. It does not get dirty very soon, and will bear being many times ironed out with a cool iron on the inside of the skirt.

The newest things in the way of hats are the veritable old sailor shape, rather small, and of the fine firm plait—made of the white ends of the benets employed for Tuscan plait. The brim is double, or faced with the same plait, so that no stitches are visible, and the trimming is a piece of black velvet put round and tied at one side in a neat bow. It is this tying of the bow instead of making it up that gives the style to the hat. Tuscan is very much worn, both for hats and bonnets, and large hats are less worn than small bonnets. French milliners are making all bonnets with strings to tie under the chin, and the fashionable mixture of maize-coloured crêpe and black lace with black velvet strings is not only becoming in itself to the majority of women who are no longer very young, but affords the opportunity of doing up an old bonnet in a satisfactory manner.

French ladies who are nothing if not practical are this year wearing little ruffs or straight close-fitting collarettes of soft fur or ostrich feathers as a finish to every out-door dress. This is, of course, on account of the chilly mornings and evenings we have had, and the prevalence of north winds even on hot days. Besides this a great many throats have been left delicate by influenza, and prevention is very much better than a recurrence of the malady.

Summer is the best time for those who have a little money to invest in furs to do it, and they are peculiarly cheap this year. Chinchilla seems the great favourite, but it does not wear well, and the art of dying and finishing such humble skins as those of rabbits has been carried so far that those who have but little to spend may have the comfort and warmth of neat, dark fur at very moderate cost.

The dress in our illustration is a very neat one of plain white muslin and a little embroidery. The yoke is covered with strips of narrow embroidery, one overlapping the other, and there is a row down the left side of the skirt, while the sleeves are composed of puffs, separated from each other by bands of muslin insertion. The muslin for the puffs should be whipped, and sewn to the insertion, and then the whole thing will wash and get up well.